



THE WEIRD WORLD OF

# JACK STAFF™

#1

\$5.99  
\$6.70 CAN

PAUL  
GRIST

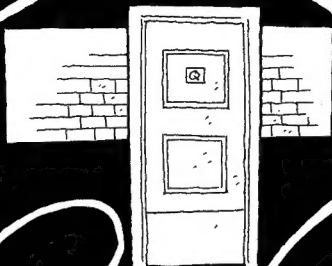


KING  
SIZE  
SPECIAL

Featuring



SOMEWHERE, IN THE BASEMENT OF A POLICE  
STATION IN CASTLETOWN, THERE'S A **GREEN DOOR**  
WHICH LEADS TO **Q**. THERE'S NO HANDLE.  
NO LOCK. JUST A **GREEN DOOR**.



**HELEN MORGAN • BEN KULMER • HARRY CRANE**

THREE UNUSUAL PEOPLE CAUGHT UP IN A WORLD  
WHERE THE BIZARRE IS COMMON PLACE.  
THEY ARE THE GUARDIANS OF THE GATE BETWEEN  
REALITY AND UNREALITY. THEY ARE THE  
INVESTIGATORS OF THE UNEXPLAINABLE.  
THE QUESTION MARK CRIMES. THEY ARE **Q**.

# THE WEIRD WORLD OF **JACK STAFF**<sup>TM</sup> **KING SIZE SPECIAL**

Featuring



CREATED, WRITTEN  
AND ILLUSTRATED BY

# **PAUL GRIST**



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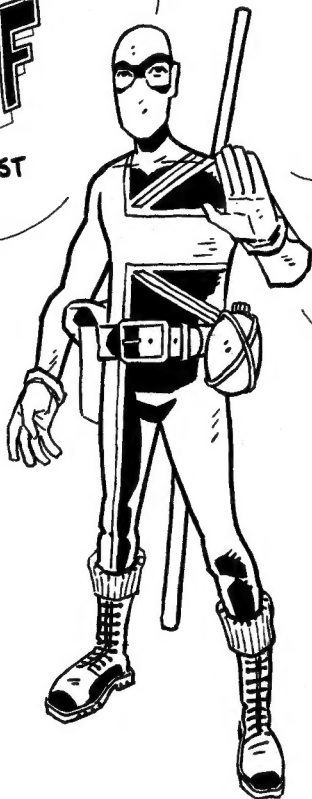
HELLO THERE! IN  
CASE YOU DON'T KNOW,  
I'M

# JACK STAFF

BRITAIN'S GREATEST  
HERO!

YOU PROBABLY SAW  
ME ON THE COVER —  
BUT, TO BE HONEST,  
I HAVE TO POINT OUT I'M  
NOT ACTUALLY **IN**  
THIS COMIC.

WELL, APART FROM  
**THIS** BIT, OBVIOUSLY.



I LIVE IN A PLACE  
CALLED CASTLETOWN,  
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN  
THERE?

IT'S A NICE ENOUGH PLACE,  
BUT IT HAS A BIT OF A  
**REPUTATION** FOR  
ATTRACTING **WEIRD** STUFF.

NOT **ALL** OF WHICH  
INVOLVES **ME**.

I TRY TO KEEP A  
**LOW** PROFILE.

WELL, AS  
LOW A PROFILE  
AS YOU **CAN** KEEP  
WHEN YOU  
DRESS LIKE  
**THIS**.

NO, THIS ISN'T ABOUT  
ME, IT'S ABOUT A GROUP  
OF PEOPLE KNOWN AS

THEY SEEK OUT THE  
**WEIRD STUFF.**  
THEY INVESTIGATE CRIMES  
THAT ARE SO BIZARRE  
THAT THEY SEEM TO HAVE  
NO LOGICAL EXPLANATION.

THE **QUESTION  
MARK CRIMES.**

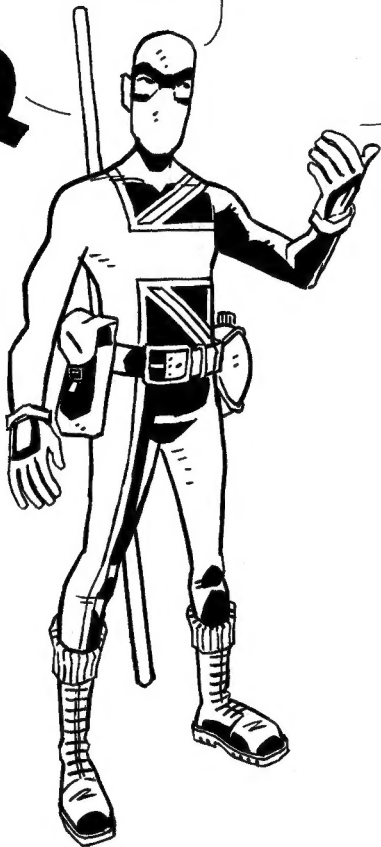
IF I TELL YOU  
MORE, BUT TO  
BE HONEST, THAT'S  
ALL I KNOW ABOUT  
THEM.

THIS **MUCH** I  
**DO** KNOW...

I DON'T  
**TRUST**  
THEM.

?

Q





FROM  
THE PAGES  
of **JACK  
STAFF!**  
BRITAIN'S  
GREATEST HERO!

A **PAUL  
GRIST**  
COMIC  
STRIP!

THE DOOR'S  
LOCKED.

RING RING RING

YEAH?

Cough

I'VE NEVER  
BEEN IN  
HERE  
BEFORE.

IT'S A ROOM  
FULL OF ALL  
THE THINGS  
I THOUGHT  
**LONG  
GONE.**

OLD  
FEARS.

BATTLES  
FOUGHT AND  
WON LONG  
AGO.

BEHIND  
ME I  
HEAR

BEN?

KULMER?

DO YOU  
**KNOW**  
THE  
TIME?

MERRY?

BEN?

YOU  
STILL  
THERE?

KULMER!

HOW  
**WEIRD**  
CAN IT  
BE IN  
MERRY?





THIS IS BEN KULMER.



IT'S NOT HIS REAL NAME.



HE USED TO BE CALLED  
**KARL STRINGER.**

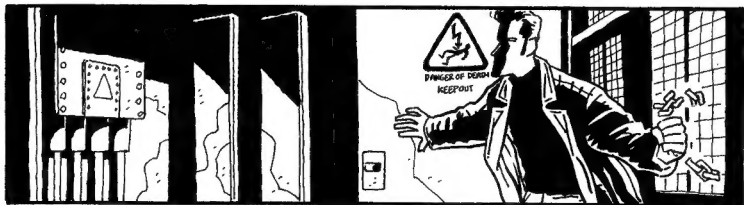
HE USED TO BE KNOWN  
AS **THE CLAW.**

HE USED TO BE A THIEF.



OLD HABITS.





I'm supposed to be  
one of the good guys.



So WHY am I  
doing THIS?



I guess I don't like  
being told what to do.

THIS is what I do.

I set the rules.



It's not like I'm looking  
for money, y'know?

I just want some  
thing to show I was  
here. That's all.

Something  
small.

Easy  
to carry.



It'll  
do.



CLICK!



ALRIGHT  
Y'BUGGER!  
I KNOW  
WHAT Y'R  
UP TO  
...

YOU  
TOUCH  
ANY  
THING  
...

AN' I'LL  
BLOW YR  
HEAD  
OFF Y'R  
SHOULDERS  
Y'HEAR?

NO ONE  
GETS THE  
BETTER OF  
SOMMERSET  
STONE!





JUST FOR A MOMENT.

JUST LONG ENOUGH.





Better put some distance between me and the crazy guy with the gun.



AND THAT WAS FOR ANYONE OUT THERE WATCHING THE METEORITE SHOWER OVER CASTLETON TONIGHT...

Don't know why he's making such a fuss.

It's an DGLV looking thing.

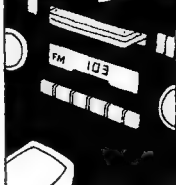
I'm doing him a favour taking it.



AND HANDS UP ALL THOSE OF YOU WHO SAW TONIGHTS OTHER LIGHT SHOW ...

WE'VE HAD DOZENS OF CALLS ABOUT A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE VILLAGE OF MERRY WHICH COULD BE SEEN FROM SEVERAL MILES AWAY ...

WE'RE STILL A BIT IN THE DARK ABOUT IT HERE ...



So that explains the BIG LIGHT.

Score another one for COINCIDENCE.



BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S HAVING A PARTY OUT THERE ...



YOU'RE LISTENING TO THE LATE NIGHT SHOW ON CASTLE FM ... AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON?



Sometimes I think there's a little TOO MUCH coincidence in my life.

Things happen.

And it's like I'm not choosing my life anymore.

All the choices have been made for me.



I'm just running to try and KEEP UP.

GREAT! NOW THE RADIO'S ON THE FRITZ

NOTHING BUT STATIC ...









HEY!!  
YOU!

YOU  
IDiot!



WHAT  
THE HELL'S  
WRONG  
WITH  
YOU?!

WHY  
DIDN'T  
YOU GET  
OFF THE  
ROAD?



YOU  
COULD  
HAVE BEEN  
KILLED!

I  
COULD  
HAVE BEEN  
KILLED  
...



GREAT.

For THIS I just  
totalled my car..

What is it anyway?

Some kind of  
TREE SCULPTURE?

And what's it doing  
in the middle of  
the road anyway?

Or is this what they  
do for entertainment  
out in the sticks?



I don't like this.

This is just a bit  
too weird for me.

Trust me. I've seen  
weird. This is it.



It's all gone a  
bit WICKER  
MAN for my  
taste.



I hear the rustle of leaves.

Branches bend and stretch.

Okay...

I wasn't  
expecting  
that...

Stupid.

Stupid.

Stupid.

But not every  
thing is what  
it looks like.

And I've still got  
a couple of  
surprises up  
my sleeve.

Damn. He's quick

Behind me. I hear the rustle of leaves.

Still—you only  
get the one  
FREE SHOT.

Quicker than  
he looks...

A lot quicker.

I feel wooden  
branches squeezing  
right round me...

It's kill or be  
killed here.

Only there's...  
SOMETHING  
about the eyes.

Something

almost...human.

help  
me

SNAP

I got my own  
problems.

Sorry pal.

Branches bend and stretch.

And the thought occurs to me.

"What if it wasn't ME  
he was asking to help?"

The trick is never to think  
things can't get any worse.

In my experience...

They usually do.



My head is buried  
into the soft  
ground...

and I can feel  
something push  
down across my  
face...

reaching into the  
dirt...

It's not just  
HOLDING me down...

it's PUTTING  
down ROOTS!





Okay ... it's working.



Treeboy is keeping  
his distance.

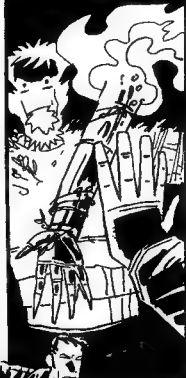


Trouble is ...



there's still three  
of them ...  
and ONE of me.

Sometimes you  
have to know when  
to cut and run.



Only problem is -  
WHERE am I running  
to?

Three against one.

It's time to start  
evening the  
numbers up.

HARRY?  
IT'S ME,  
BEN.

Harry Crane. He  
used to be a  
copper. Now he  
works for Q.

YEAH.  
SORRY  
BOUT  
THAT.

I'M STUCK  
IN MERRY-  
AND MY CAR'S  
STUCK IN A  
RIVER.

DON'T  
ASK.

You won't have  
heard of it.

THING  
IS- THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
**WEIRD**  
GOING OFF  
HERE.

Q.  
WEIRD.

TAP  
TAP

Not many  
people have.

TAP TAP

OKAY  
PAL...  
I HEARD  
YOU FIRST  
TIME  
...

CAN YOU  
SEE I'M  
ON THE  
**PHONE**  
HERE?

ALRIGHT?

ALRIGHT  
Y'BUGGER  
...

And just when I was thinking  
things couldn't get any worse...





I'M  
**SOMMERSET  
STONE**  
GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER!





Y' CAN'T  
HIDE  
FR'M ME  
Y'BUGGER  
...



I'VE TRACK'D  
BETTER MEN  
TH'N YOU  
THROUGH  
JUNGLES THAT'D  
MAKE THIS PLACE  
LOOK LIKE A  
CAR PARK  
...

AN'  
THEY'RE ALL  
STUFFED AN'  
MOUNTED  
IN THE  
TROPHY  
ROOM  
NOW!



WHASSAT?  
WHO'RE  
YOU?

I'M  
WARNIN'  
YOU  
Y'BUGGER  
...

KEEP  
Y'DISTANCE  
OR I  
SHOOT  
...



BLAM



I should just leave him  
to his own devices.

It's not like I asked  
him to come chasing  
after me with a gun.

I should get out.



OKAY.  
IF YOU'RE  
GOING  
TO GET  
SERIOUS  
...

Save my own skin.

Afetr all, technically, I'm  
the BAD GUY here.

Right?



THE  
GLOVE'S  
OFF!

So why do I have this  
sudden urge to sing  
'WALKING IN THE AIR'?





MY NAME IS  
HARRY CRANE.

I USED TO BE  
A POLICEMAN.



I USED TO  
BE A  
HUSBAND.

I USED TO  
BE A  
FATHER.



I USED TO  
BE A LOT OF  
THINGS.

THINGS  
CHANGE.

I HAVE THIS  
**PROBLEM**  
WITH MY EYES

SOMETIMES  
I SEE THINGS



LOOK  
AT THAT  
...

THAT'S  
\*\*\*\*\*  
AWESOME  
THAT  
IS!

I USED TO SEE  
THE WORLD AS A  
CREATION OF GOD.



IT'S SEVEN  
HUNDRED  
AN FIFTY YEARS  
SINCE ANY  
ONE SAW  
THEM.



\*\*\*\*\*  
IMAGINE  
THAT!

I SAW JOY  
AND HAPPINESS IN  
THOSE AROUND  
ME.

YOU'RE  
WEIRD  
STEVE. WHEN  
YOU SAID YOU  
WANTED TO  
SEE THE  
METEORITE  
SHOWER  
...

I DIDN'T  
THINK YOU  
**WANTED**  
TO **SEE** THE  
METEORITE  
SHOWER.



I SAW **HOPE**  
AND LOOKED TO  
THE **FUTURE**.



ISN'T  
THAT ONE  
MOVING  
A BIT  
**FASTER**  
THAN THE  
OTHERS?

WHICH  
ONE?

I SEE THINGS  
**DIFFERENTLY**  
NOW.

THAT  
ONE!





I SEE ECHOES  
OF THINGS  
PAST.

UNABLE TO  
INTERCEDE.  
UNABLE TO  
CHANGE THINGS.



NOW  
THAT'S  
\*\*\*\*\*  
AWESOME!

DON'T  
STEVE

IT  
MIGHT  
BE  
HOT!

I'VE LOOKED INTO  
THE DARK HEART OF  
HUMANITY.



NAH  
...

LOOK  
--IT'S  
FINE  
...

LOOK  
DEBS  
--THERE'S  
SOME  
THING  
GROWING  
OUT OF  
IT  
...

NO  
DON'T  
...

I'VE  
GOT  
ALLERGIES  
...

I'VE STOOD AND WATCHED  
AS A THEATRE OF BLOODY  
VIOLENCE WAS ACTED  
OUT FOR A SOLITARY  
AUDIENCE.



NO MATTER  
WHAT I SAW  
--NO MATTER  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
...

AK!

oh  
YEAH

VERY  
FUNNY  
STEVE  
...



DON'T  
BE SUCH  
A WUSS  
ALL YOUR  
LIFE  
GIRL  
...

WHAT  
DO YOU  
THINK  
THIS  
IS?

BUT THROUGH IT ALL  
I HELD ONTO MY FAITH.  
MY CONFIDENCE IN GOD.



THE  
KILLER  
PLANT FROM  
OUTER  
SPACE?





I DON'T EVEN  
**REMEMBER** WHAT  
GOD LOOKS LIKE  
ANYMORE.



I CLOSE MY  
EYES...

AND WHEN I  
OPEN THEM  
AGAIN...



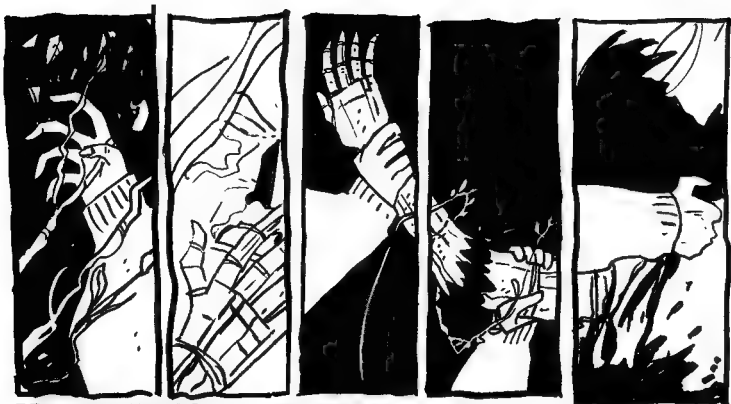
--ALL THE BAD THINGS  
HAVE GONE AWAY.















EVERYTHING  
GOES **BLACK.**

BAD IDEA  
OLD MAN.

YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE EYE  
NOW. YOU AIN'T GOT THAT  
DEPTH OF VISION ANYMORE.

EVERYTHING'S FLASHING  
LIGHTS ...

I CAN  
BARELY  
STAND  
...

THEN I REALISE  
THE GIRL'S GONE.

DAMN. I'VE GOT  
TO FIND HER.

FLASHING  
LIGHTS  
FADE  
TO BLACK.



SOMEONE  
SWITCHES ON THE  
**MAIN BEAM.**



INSTINCT IS  
SCREAMING  
AT ME.

RUN!

GET OUT!  
GET AWAY!

WHO'S  
THAT?

BUT I'M NOT  
LISTENING.

BAD IDEA  
OLD MAN.

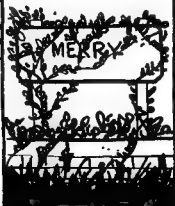
IMPACT  
ZONE  
SECURE

I THINK  
WE'RE  
ALREADY  
TOO  
LATE.



MERRY.

IT'S A PICTURESQUE  
LITTLE VILLAGE JUST  
OUTSIDE CASTLETOWN.



YOU KNOW, THE KIND OF  
VILLAGE THAT WINS  
FLOWER COMPETITIONS.

THE KIND OF VILLAGE  
THAT GETS ALL CLOGGED  
UP ON BANK HOLIDAY  
WEEKENDS.

Midnight...



IT'S LARRY HENDRIKS'  
FIRST VISIT TO MERRY.

IT'S MORE OF A  
WORKING VISIT.

one more night  
without sleeping  
...



HIS JOB IS TO KEEP  
PEOPLE OUT OF THE VILLAGE.

"SORRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO  
FIND ANOTHER WAY ROUND."

"ARMY MANEUVERS."

THAT KIND OF THING.

Watching  
'till the morning  
comes creeping



HE'S BEEN WALKING  
UP AND DOWN THIS  
STRETCH OF ROAD  
FOR THE PAST HALF  
HOUR.

GREEN DOOR  
...what's that  
secret you're  
keeping?



SO HOW COME HE  
NEVER NOTICED THE  
DOOR BEFORE?

Well there's an  
old piano



and they play  
it not behind  
the GREEN  
DOOR

Don't know  
what they're  
doing



but they laugh  
a lot behind the  
GREEN DOOR

wish they'd  
let me in so  
I could find  
out what's  
behind the  
GREEN  
DOOR

THEN LARRY HENDRIKS  
NOTICES SOMETHING  
FAMILIAR ABOUT  
THE SINGING VOICE.

IT'S HIS.



THEY WATCH THE SKY  
— SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO!

INTRODUCING

# THE STARFALL SQUAD

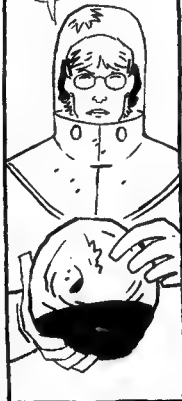
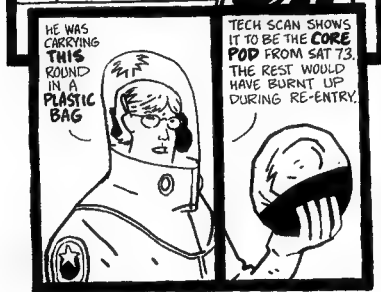
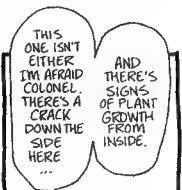
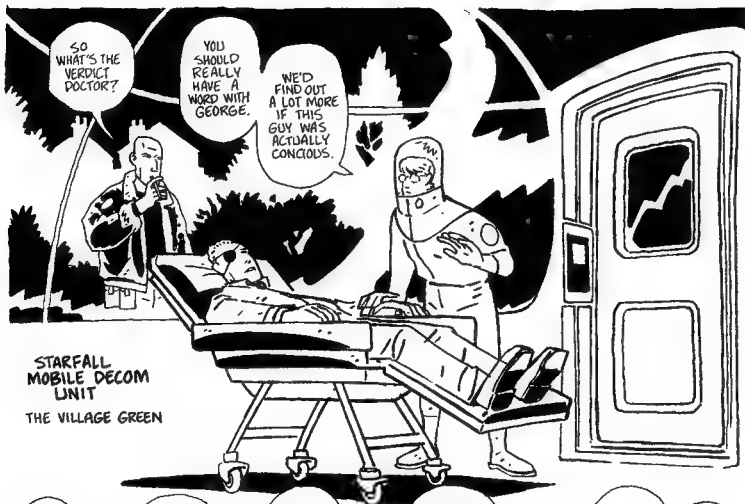
**GEORGE!**  
HE'S... WELL, WE'RE  
NOT TOO SURE WHAT  
HE IS REALLY... JUST  
BE GLAD HE'S ON  
OUR SIDE!

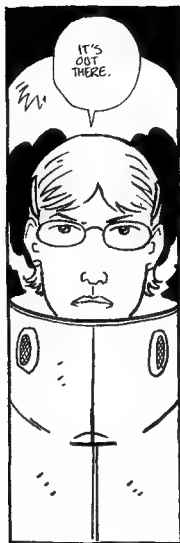
**DR. ANNE  
PROMEDA**  
SHE KNOWS A LOT  
MORE ABOUT ALIEN  
TECHNOLOGY THAN  
YOU'D EXPECT FOR  
SOMEONE FROM  
IPSWICH!

**COLONEL ADAM  
VENTURE!**  
— BRITAIN'S FIRST MAN  
IN SPACE (NOT THAT  
YOU'LL FIND THAT IN  
ANY OFFICIAL RECORD!)



" IF IT FALLS FROM THE SKY, IT STAYS ON THE GROUND! "







saw an  
eyeball  
peeping  
through  
a smoky  
cloud

I DON'T  
KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE  
LADY, BUT  
THIS AREA IS  
OFF LIMITS TO  
CIVILIANS  
...

YOU  
KNOW  
THAT'S  
JUST WHAT  
HENDRIKS  
TOLD  
ME...

behind  
the  
GREEN  
DOOR

when  
I said  
Joe sent  
me

some  
one  
laughed  
out loud



...THIS IS  
A MILITARY  
TRAINING  
EXERCISE  
...

DID  
YOU  
HEAR  
THAT?

LIKE  
BRANCHES  
BENDING  
...

behind  
the  
GREEN  
DOOR





OKAY.

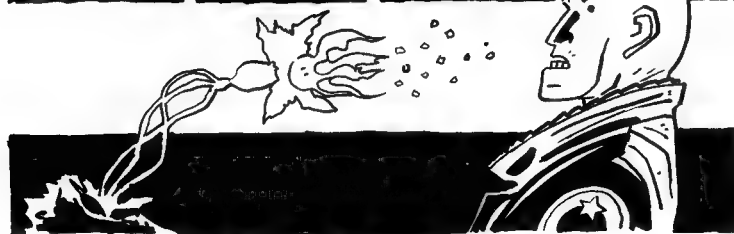
I GUESS  
THAT'S  
TROUBLE.

**GEORGE!**  
WE'VE GOT  
A PROBLEM!  
**SECURITY  
BREACH!**

MAKE THAT  
BREACHES  
COLONEL  
...

DAMN - THEY'RE  
CRAWLING OUT OF  
THE WOODWORK  
NOW...

WITH ALL DUE  
RESPECT COLONEL  
...





"GENETICALLY MODIFIED  
PLANTS ABLE TO GROW  
RAPIDLY IN THE MOST  
HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT."



THERE  
WERE A  
FEW  
PRACTICAL  
PROBLEMS



"TURNS OUT THE PLANT  
THRIVES IN A VERY  
PARTICULAR  
ENVIRONMENT..."



"AND THEN GETS  
VERY HOSTILE."



"SO THESE PLANTS  
WERE DESTROYED?"



"THEY WERE DEALT  
WITH IN THE  
USUAL WAY."

"WHICH IS?"

"THEY WERE PUT  
INTO ORBIT."

SO  
ANYTHING  
YOU CAN'T  
HANDLE  
JUST GETS  
BLASTED  
INTO SPACE.



"OF  
COURSE  
..."

"WHY ELSE WOULD  
BRITAIN BOTHER  
MAINTAINING A  
SPACE PROGRAMME  
...?"



"UNFORTUNATELY THE  
METEORITE SHOWER  
HIT ONE OF THE  
SATELLITES."

"ONE OF THEM?"

"HOW MANY THINGS HAVE  
YOU GOT FLOATING  
AROUND UP THERE?"

"LET'S JUST SAY THERE'S  
ONE **LESS** NOW."

"OUR JOB IS TO RECOVER  
THE SATELLITE AND  
IT'S CONTENTS."



"LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
ALL A LITTLE LATE  
DOESN'T IT COLONEL?"





WHEN SHE WAS FIVE YEARS OLD, DEBORAH LIEGH GOT LOST IN THE WOOD BEHIND HER HOUSE.

HER PARENTS WERE FRANTIC. THEY HUNTED HIGH AND LOW FOR HER.

WHEN THEY FOUND HER SHE WAS PLAYING HAPPILY -TOTALLY UNCONCERNED FOR ANY DANGER SHE MIGHT BE IN.

AFTER ALL, THE TREES WERE HER FRIENDS.

WHY WOULD THEY HURT HER?

DEBORAH LIEGH WISHES SHE WAS FIVE YEARS OLD AGAIN.

WH--  
WHAT IS  
IT? WH--  
WHAT D'YOU  
WANT?

DEBS  
...

ST--  
STEVE?

WH--  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

I-- I  
DON'T  
KNOW

BUT IT'S  
\*\*\*\*\*ING  
AWESOME  
...

SO WH--  
WHY HAVE  
YOU BUN  
BROUGHT  
ME  
HERE?

WHY  
WON'T  
YOU  
JUN-JUS'  
LEAVE  
ME  
ALONE?

YOU  
CAN BE  
PART  
OF IT  
...

PART  
OF  
US.

puh--  
PLEASE  
...

EVERY  
THING,  
EVERY  
ONE  
...

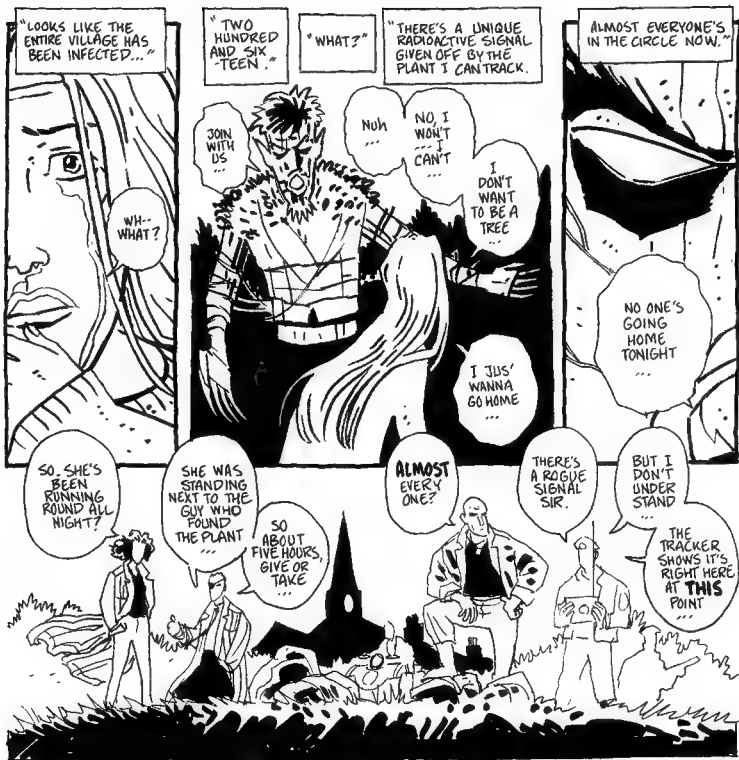
IT'S ALL  
CONNECTED  
...

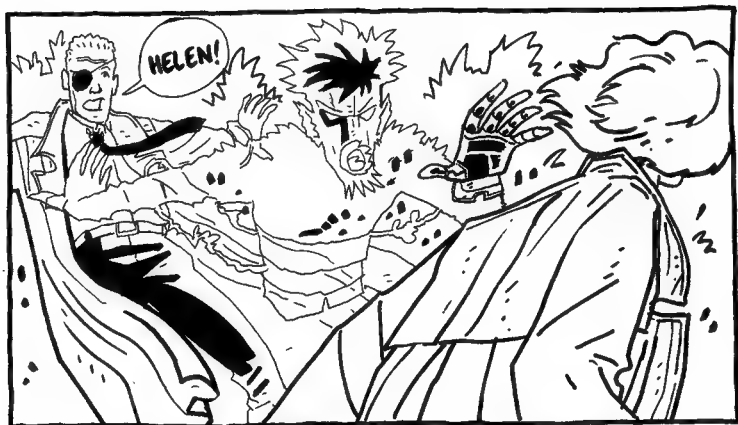
"WHO'S THE GIRL  
HARRY?"

"HER NAME'S DEBS.  
SHE WAS OUT WITH  
HER BOYFRIEND."

"THEY WERE OUT  
WATCHING THE  
METEORITES WHEN  
THE SATELLITE FELL."

"SHE SAVED MY  
SKIN JUST AFTER  
I GOT HERE."





IT'S THE GIRL... SHE'S THE KEY TO THIS.

C'MON HARRY-- WHAT MAKES HER SO SPECIAL?

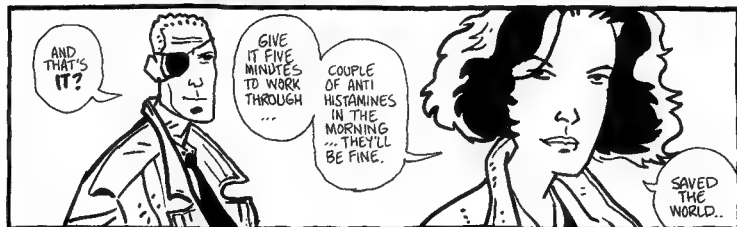
I DON'T KNOW... SHE HAD A RUNNY NOSE... SAID SHE HAD ALLERGIES



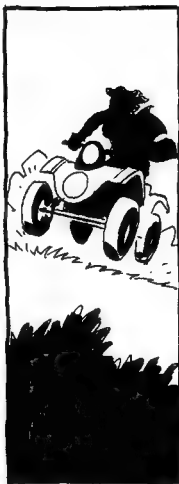
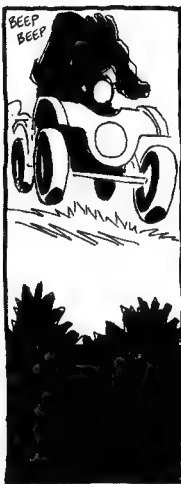
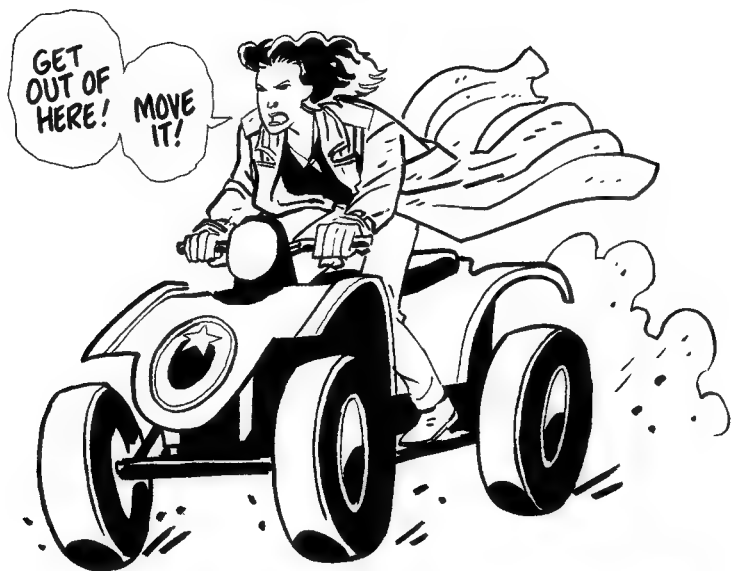
ALLERGIES?! THAT'S IT!

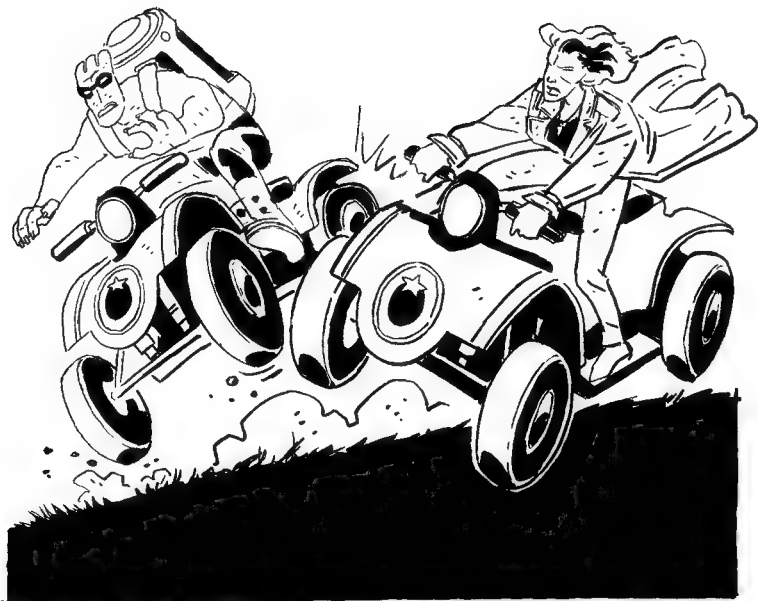
IF WE INCREASE THE BODY'S NATURAL ALLERGIC RESPONSE



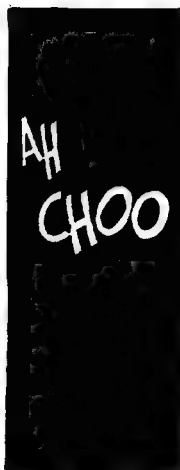












IT'S TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN SYMBIOTIC  
PLANTS SWIRLING ROUND IN THE NIGHTSKY.

WHAT'S  
THAT  
THEN?

WHAT'S  
WHAT?

oh

CR--

ALL LOOKING FOR THE NEAREST  
AVAILABLE UNCONTAMINATED HOST BODY.



AND  
FINDING  
IT.





BEEP



IT'S ALMOST  
AS IF SHE  
ABSORBED  
THE IMPACT  
OF THE  
BOMB  
INTO HER  
SELF.

THAT'S  
THE ONLY  
WAY I CAN  
EXPLAIN  
THE  
LOCALISED  
EXPLOSION.

AND  
THE  
PLANTS?



SHE'S  
**CLEAN.**  
THERE'S  
NO TRACE  
IN HER  
BODY.

TIME TO  
MOVE ON.  
WE'RE  
DONE  
HERE.

oh  
my ...

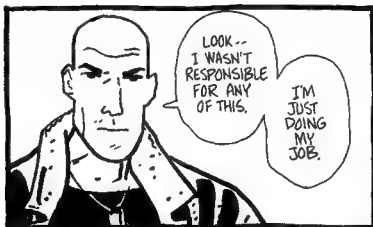
THAT'S  
**IT?** NO  
MOURNFUL  
LAMENT  
?

NO  
SOLILOQUY  
FOR THE  
**FALLEN**  
?

PEOPLE  
DIED HERE  
TONIGHT.  
THE ENTIRE  
VILLAGE  
IF YOU'D HAD  
**YOUR** WAY.

YOU'RE  
A HEARTLESS  
BASTARD  
AREN'T YOU  
COLONEL?





THE LEGEND  
OF THE

## VALIANT STONE!

CRASHING TO EARTH IN THE HEART OF A COMET IN 1902, THIS STONE CRYSTAL REPUTEDLY PREVENTED ITS WEARER FROM ANY KIND OF HARM! FIRE, BOMBS, BULLETS—NOTHING COULD HURT ANYONE WEARING THE VALIANT STONE!

THE VALIANT STONE ITSELF PROVED LESS STURDY AND WAS SHATTERED INTO A HUNDRED DIFFERENT PIECES. EVEN TODAY, RUMOURS PERSIST OF THE POWERS OF EVEN A SHARD OF THIS CRYSTAL!



# TYING UP THE LOOSE ENDS ...



HE'S **SOMMERSET STONE**  
GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER!

AND IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE  
HE LAST WOKE UP **NAKED** IN  
THE **WOOD** WITH NO RECALL  
OF HOW HE ENDED UP THERE.

THE LAST THING HE REMEMBERS  
IS CHASING A THIEF TO THE  
VILLAGE OF MERRY...

YES! THE **THIEF!**

THIEVIN' LITTLE **BUGGER!**  
HE HAD HIM IN HIS SIGHTS -  
AND THEN WHAT?

IT'S BEEN A LONGER TIME SINCE  
HE LAST HUNTED A MAN DOWN...

TOO LONG.

HE HAS HIS SCENT.

LET THE HUNT **BEGIN!**

What the hell is this?

I don't **NEED** it. I don't **WANT** it.

So **WHY** did I **TAKE** it?

Sometimes I go crazy.

It's like I hear this voice inside  
my head and suddenly I'm  
not listening to anything else.

I risked my neck to get this.  
Totalled my car and dragged the  
only two people I'd call my friends  
into a whole mess of trouble.

For **THIS**.

I know this  
much. IF I  
EVER hear  
that voice  
AGAIN...



I'd just do  
it all over  
again.

THE DOOR'S  
LOCKED.



I'VE NEVER  
BEEN IN  
HERE  
BEFORE.

IT'S A ROOM  
FULL OF ALL  
THE THINGS  
I THOUGHT  
**LONG**  
**GONE.**

OLD  
FEARS.

BATTLE'S  
FOUGHT AND  
WON LONG  
AGO.

BEHIND  
ME I  
HEAR

cough



HYUCK



KAH

KAHYUK



YOU EVER  
HAVE ONE  
OF THOSE  
DREAMS  
WHEN YOU  
KNOW YOU'RE  
DREAMING?

WHATEVER  
HAPPENS,  
ALL YOU HAVE  
TO DO IS WAKE  
UP AND  
EVERYTHING  
GOES BACK  
TO HOW IT  
SHOULD  
BE?



THIS  
ISN'T ONE  
OF THOSE  
DREAMS.

YOU'RE  
WRONG  
HARRY.

I NEVER SAID  
A WORD.



BUT SHE  
ANSWERS MY  
QUESTION  
ANYWAY.

IT'S NOT A  
MUSEUM...

IT'S AN  
ARSENAL.



I'VE WORKED WITH  
HER FOR NEARLY EIGHT  
YEARS NOW.

I DON'T KNOW  
HER AT ALL.



I GO INTO THE KITCHEN  
AND MAKE MYSELF A CUP  
OF TEA.

I WON'T BE SLEEPING  
AGAIN TONIGHT.

AND AS FOR LARRY HENDRIKS?

MIDNIGHT  
" "  
ONE MORE  
NIGHT  
WITHOUT  
SLEEPING  
" "

WATCHING  
" "  
'TILL THE  
MORNING  
COMES  
CREEPING  
" "

WELL, HE LEFT THE STARFALL  
SQUAD SHORTLY AFTER THE  
INCIDENT AT MERRY.

BUT, ON THE PLUS SIDE...

HE'S DOING PRETTY GOOD ON  
THE CABERET CIRCUIT.

GREEN  
DOOR  
" "

WHAT'S  
THAT SECRET  
YOU'RE  
KEEPING?

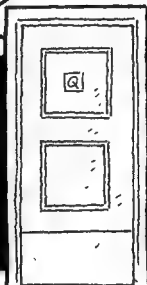
WELL  
THERE'S  
AN OLD  
PIANO

AND THEY  
PLAY IT  
HOT BEHIND  
THE GREEN  
DOOR

DON'T  
KNOW  
WHAT  
THEY'RE  
DOING

BUT  
THEY  
LAUGH A  
LOT BEHIND  
THE GREEN  
DOOR

Wish they'd  
let me in so I  
could find out  
what's behind the  
GREEN DOOR





Write to:

STAFF POST  
P.O. BOX 104  
HIGHBRIDGE  
TA9 4WD  
ENGLAND

email:  
paulgrist1960@hotmail.co.uk

Check out the Jack Staff  
Message Board at  
[www.imagecomics.com!](http://www.imagecomics.com!)

There you have it. This story was originally serialised in the pages of COMICS INTERNATIONAL, a monthly British comic news magazine edited by Dez Skinn. Dez is what we like to refer to in the world of comics as a 'colourful character'. How colourful? Apparently, he got drunk at a Comic Awards Ceremony and proceeded to 'have a go' at popular British comic 2000 AD, which wouldn't have been so bad but for the fact that he was presenting an award to 2000 AD at the time.

# FLAG WAVING

My intention was to try and create a serial something along the lines of that which used to run in the likes of LION and VALIANT, the British boys comics of my childhood, and which, in their own way, form the background for Jack Staff. It was a three to four page black and white adventure strip featuring characters from the Jack Staff comic, but not actually Jack Staff himself... Which, with hindsight, probably confused a few readers, especially since Dez titled the comic strip "The World of Jack Staff" for the contents page. "The Weird" was just added for this collection - mainly to give an echo to The MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL, which was the launch title for Marvel UK back in 1972.

Q seemed to be the obvious ones for a solo adventure - Helen Morgan is one of my favourite characters, despite the fact that I killed her off in the very first issue of Jack Staff. Bringing her back enabled me to introduce the idea of the Valiant Stone, which has become (in my mind anyway - and, since this my comic, it's my mind that counts) one of the key elements for the Jack Staff Universe.

When I wrote to Dez to see if he'd be interested in such an idea he was very enthusiastic. I like to think it was the chance to showcase a truly British-centric Superhero title, though as Mike Conroy (CI News Editor at the time - now officially the Man in Charge) pointed out, it was mainly because I was doing it for nothing!

I think the biggest lesson I learned was that three to four-page comic serials don't work too well on a monthly basis. You do need the weekly frequency to keep the momentum going. Also, twelve parts (I think it finally ran to fourteen) is a long time to go on. To anyone else looking to repeat the experiment, I would suggest keeping it short and keeping it punchy. And free.

One final thing about Dez Skinn - I've read an article about Jack Staff on Wickapedia which states that the character of Gerald Skinner, the overweight, oversmoking editor of the Worlds Press, who pops up occasionally in the pages of Jack Staff, was based on Dez Skinn. This is not true, and I have never suggested to anybody that it might have been. But it was originally going to be, in my initial ideas for the comic. I just changed my mind. Now that's weird.

-Paul Grist



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**A TWIT AND FOOL SCAN...**

**DON'T**

**LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU**